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Per annum, in advance, \$2 00
In six months, " " 1 25
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One square, one line or less, first insertion, \$0 75
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One column, per annum, for a classified advertisement, \$35 00

Transient Advertisers will be required to pay in advance. When an Advertisement is handed in the number of times it is to be inserted must be stated. If not stated it will remain in the paper until ordered out, and charged accordingly.

Those who advertise for six months or one year have the privilege of changing and renewing not exceeding once in three weeks.

We hope that the above will be plain enough to be understood by all—and that all who advertise will act in accordance with our requirements, instead of trying to have us to lower our prices. The Foreman of the Office has no time to spend in bargaining. This is without respect to persons we have no disposition to work cheap for a dissatisfied customer. They pay for our liberal patronage, who are willing to let printers live.

The Herald is an extensive circulation, and business men will find it advantageous to make use of its columns as a medium of communicating with the public generally.

JOB PRINTING.

We have, since the expiration of the first volume of our paper, made several new and handsome additions to our JOB OFFICE which will enable to get up our work in a style that cannot fail to please.

BOOKS, PAMPHLETS, CARDS, BLANKS, BALL TICKETS, BILLS, POSTERS, BILL-HEADS, &c., &c.

Will be printed on fine white or fancy paper, with Black, Blue, or Red Ink, on short notice. We are determined to use all means within our power to please those who favor us with their patronage.

While everybody is talking about Hungary and Russia, and the future relations of this country to the European powers, there are a few who see that it is towards Eastern Asia and not Europe that Anglo-American enterprise and influence are to be chiefly directed. We see that a Prussian paper, reviling America as the source of those revolutionary principles which are shaking despotic thrones, is replied to by a Bremen contemporary who contends that the American movement will only reach Europe by crossing the Pacific, and spreading over Asia. Some persons think that of course the Bremen man is joking, and he may be for all we know or care, but while we cannot see how any one who has an eye in his head or rather in his mind, and is not wholly dependent on a pair of green spectacles, can have failed to observe the westward tendency of American civilization. What means the fact that in less than ten years our stakes have been removed from the Sabine to the Pacific ocean; that in less than five years there has sprung up on the shores of that ocean a great state with three hundred thousand people; that where four years ago there was a little hamlet on a bay, the solitude of which was only disturbed by an occasional whaling vessel, there is now a city as large as Louisville, looking out upon a harbor crowded with the shipping of all nations; that it is but little more than five thousand miles from that port to China across an almost stormless ocean; that the half-way house of the Sandwich islands is a convenient coal depot for steamships that will make the trip from America to Asia in ten days; that in those oriental climes are the sources of the richest commerce that the world has ever seen and populations which must from their habits and condition be mere passive recipients of American influence, or helpless spectators of American energy? Then let the railroad be built across the isthmus of Tehuantepec, and built it will be, in spite of all opposition, and it will be four days run from New Orleans to another great port on the Pacific, from which the keels of the all conquering Anglo Saxons will visit every coast and island of that vast ocean. Joke! why there is more earnest in it than all the fustian about the star-spangled banner marshalling a crusade against European despotism. In Europe we would encounter energies just as fierce, ideas just as aggressive and prejudices still more obstinate than our own. We think ourselves very smart, the "smartest nation in all creation," but the folks in the "old countries" think they know a thing or two as well as we. We have not a single political element to impart that is not already stirring in Europe. The "despotism" are much less concerned about us, and our doings, than about certain little nests of rebellion nearer home, in Switzerland, Saradin, Belgium, and above all in England. The materials we should find in Europe are not malleable by us; they must be shaped as God wills by other hands than ours in the fiery furnace of revolutions. Asia will soon become the great field for Anglo-American energies, so far as they are to be exerted for the general promotion of civilization beyond the limits of our own country, and our own continent.

We dislike to see the efforts made by some of our public men and conductors of the Press, to keep alive the dying embers of hostility between this country and Great Britain. As there are no two nations so closely connected in language, laws, and literature, so there are none between whom friendly relations ought to be more sedulously cultivated for the general good of mankind, as well as our own interests. Men who look at forms more than substance, talk of the aristocracy and monarchy of England as if they constituted the very life of the nation. We will not say with Pope, "For forms of government let fools contest;" yet it is certain that too much importance is attached to forms. The mode in which the Executive of a nation is appointed is of far less moment than the practical means by which the private citizen is protected against arbitrary power. It is well known that the practical safe-guards of freedom in our own country have been derived from England. Our liberties are off-shoots of plants that had been living and growing in England for ages before they were transplanted to America. They have since continued to strengthen and expand in England herself in the light of free thought and a free Press. It is true that England has been very unjust to Ireland, and still retains the remnants of ancient abuses. The English people have always combined great conservatism with the progressive elements of their character and institutions, and that is one reason why her progress has been so healthy, vigorous and durable. Everything may be hoped for a people where mind is free to use all proper means to remove abuses and perfect the social arrangements. What nation is there that has not some anomaly at war with the general spirit and tendency of its institutions? Who would confine his view to the fungi and dead branches that cling to the oak, which spreads abroad his giant arms into the heavens? In spite of all drawbacks England is the great bulwark of constitutional liberty on the other side of the Atlantic, and if anything could justify us in deviating from our neutral policy, it would be that England, in upholding the rights of the smaller powers and affording an asylum for refugees, was in serious danger from the wrath of a coalition of continental despots.

The Tennessee Legislature has repealed its obnoxious amendments to the charter of the Nashville and Louisville Railroad, and passed the act in such a shape as to be perfectly acceptable to the Company. Nothing remains to be done but to have progressed. It appears that the route through the western part of this country, crossing the Rolling Fork at the mouth of the Beech from thence up Younger's creek, crossing Green River near Munfordsville, and passing either through Glasgow or Bowlinggreen, is shorter than either the upper route through Bardstown or the lower through Elizabethtown. This is just as we anticipated. Our course is clear enough. We must have a railroad, or our town will go to the dogs. We do not think it likely that the Company will take the vote of this county on the question of a conditional subscription, when the condition must be that they come 12 miles out of their way. But if the road crosses Salt River at Shepherdsville, we must make a bargain with them, if possible, to construct a branch here for a certain amount of private subscription, or if they will not do that, or in case the Nashville road goes by the mouth of Salt River, then we must go to work under our own excellent charter from Bardstown to Louisville. There are no two ways about it. Road or no road, we do not regard as a debatable matter.

We have heard of an old Virginian who formerly lived in this vicinity, whether belonging to one of the "first families" or not we cannot say, who before he left the old dominion had never seen but one peacock and that one had never caused him a fall from his horse. After he settled in this neighborhood, he was riding into town one bright morning, when his horse shied violently at one of those gaudy fowls which was sitting on a fence with all his rainbow colors spread to the sunshine. The old gentleman instantly dismounted in a violent rage, exclaiming "scaring horses again are you," and attacked the bird with a stick. The consequent clamor brought out the master of the house who enquiring what was the matter, the Virginian roared out, still shaking his stick at the unlucky peacock, "That tiffled-off rascal nearly made my horse throw me in old Virginia five years ago, and here he is away out here at his old tricks again."

Old Foggia the beautiful nickname applied by the New York Tribune and other papers of that stamp, to those staid persons who have not the organ of hope large enough to believe that the world can be regenerated in three months by a batch of sentimental philanthropists.

GREAT CATASTROPHE.—At New York, on Monday night, the East River was frozen over between the city and Brooklyn. The tide coming in on Tuesday caused the ice to break up suddenly, and two hundred persons were carried off by the fragments. Notwithstanding every exertion was made to save them, many have been lost.

It is said that EMILE GIRARDIN one of the most eminent men in France having got tired of French revolutions, of which he has seen about a baker's dozen, is about to sell out at Paris and remove to N. York. The next few years will witness an immense transfer of capital, talent and population from Europe to the United States, seeking refuge from bloody and destructive commotions.

We are much indebted this week to the *Illustrated Family Friend*, an excellent literary paper, recently established at Columbia, South Carolina. We are delighted to see such an enterprise in the South, conducted by so competent a gentleman as Mr. GOSMAN, and we trust it will be as successful as its most sanguine friends could anticipate.

Lynch Law—A Young Woman Hung.

A correspondent of the Journal of Commerce, after detailing several cases of lynching in California writes as follows:

"Shocking, however, as these cases are, both are outdone by the extra judicial murder of a young girl at Downsville, far up in the mountains of Yuba county.

She was a Mexican senorita, with all the passions and frailties which attach themselves to the race. One day she stabbed a man, so that he died in a short time. Public opinion varies as to the enormity of the crime. Some assert that it was a wanton and treacherous attack; others consider it to have been an ordinary murder, under circumstances of insufficient but considerable provocation; while many affirm that the blow was struck in defence of her person against a drunken assault. The better opinion is, as far as I can learn, that the killing was unlawful, but under palliating circumstances. It is of little consequence to my present purpose, to examine into the degree of crime. I am merely to relate how a woman was punished by unlawful hands in this high noon of the 19th century.

It seems that an example was needed in Downsville. Little or no retribution had fallen upon former murders in that vicinity, and it unfortunately happened that the dead man had many friends in the city, while the girl elicited no sympathy. Her nation was despised, and she was of a character which always draws more companions than friends in California. The many-headed monster cried "blood for blood." Yuba, and is connected with the opposite bank by a long bridge. The cord was thrown over a cross-beam in the middle of the bridge, and thither the infamously murdered hurried her frail victim. Her bearing was haughty and composed in the highest degree. She was a beautiful girl, but neither her beauty nor unusual roundness of form, excited the slightest compassion in the majority.

At this point of the proceeding, a young lawyer mounted the bridge railing and denounced the whole affair in words of more bitter justice than discretion. He was not suffered to speak long. A dozen hands pulled him down, and as many feet were vigorously applied to him along the whole length of the bridge. When upon the opposite bank he was forbidden to enter Downsville again, under the penalty of being tarred and feathered.

Even the perpetrators of this outrage should have been shamed into common humanity by next the appeal. A physician, well known in the place, stated upon his professional reputation and most sacred honor, that the girl was *innocent*, and demanded for her the reparation which was always granted by the merciful common law of England, even in the darkest ages and most barbarous periods. But no! Mercy to a murderer! Time to give birth to another of the vipers blood! They hooted at the idea! The physician was ordered to leave town within three days, for having dared to disturb the majesty of the people arisen to assert justice.

Mean while the girl had been looking on with the utmost nonchalance. At the failure of this appeal, a scornful smile distorted her lip, and she at once began to perform the last office for herself. The man was removed from her head, and given to her paramour, with a watch, purse and ornaments. Her black hair fell in masses over her shoulders, but she calmly grasped the noose dangling near by, and passing it around her neck, concealed the hideous knot beneath the thick fall of her hair. She made but one request—that her hands might be left untied and free to give the signal. Strange to say they did grant her one privilege; but one which, in cases where the nerves are not made of steel, would have been the most injudicious of all.

She then drew a bunch of cigars from her bosom, and distributed them among the bystanders, reserving one for herself. She then lit and half smoked—then drew it from her lips, with—"I would do it again, the mal-dita!" She did not finish the sentence, but dropped the cigar. This was the signal, and her light form shot rapidly up in the air, hardly struggling, so powerful was the wit that kept her free arms stiffly pressed against her sides. There she hung over that foaming river—between sky and earth, the mark of deepest disgrace upon all our fair land.

Poetry.

WINTER TO THE POOR.

BY MISS E. C. KINNEY.

Stormy Winter comes again,
Bringing snow, and hail, and rain,
Beating 'gainst the window-pane—
Rudely knocking at the door.
Boreas holds to-night a rout,
See the shutters bolted stout,
Fasten all the doors and windows,
Stormy Winter is without—
God have mercy on the poor.

On the poor, half clad in shreds,
Through whose low and leaky sheds
Snows beat down on aching heads,
Piled on the naked floor.
He that looks may there behold
Side by side the young and old,
Shivering arms the babe enfold,
Oh, how drearily the cold—
God have mercy on the poor.

Iron-hearted winter comes;
Knocks in vain at costly doors,
But he searches through the joints
Scattered on the frozen moor.
There no shutters bolted tight,
Fasten out the stormy night,
There no hearth is blazing bright,
Oh, how desolate the sight—
God have mercy on the poor.

See, the famished infant press'd
To the fond, but empty breast,
While the mother bends distressed,
Drooping tears upon the floor.
THOU who hear'st the raven's cry,
Here look down with pitying eye—
Send them manna from the sky,
Or, let birds their bread supply—
God have mercy on the poor!

Hearts, that all encased in gold,
Self-enriching have grown cold,
Who have never felt the cold,
Once unlearn your bosom's door,
Let Compassion now go forth,
Learn, what you to learn were loth,
That no luxury of earth
Half true bounty's joy is worth—
Oh, have mercy on the poor!

Hark! the storm is raging yet—
Who beside his fire can sit,
And the sufferers forget
Shivering on the frozen moor?
Yes, who deliver pillows press,
Walk the dark hemisphere till they rest,
Pity and relieve distress!
Oh, the storm is pitiless—
God have mercy on the poor!

From Bryant's Poems.

HYMN TO THE NORTH STAR.

The seafarer's solemn night
Hath yet her multitude of cheerful fires:
The glorious light of night
Walks the dark hemisphere till she retires.
All through her silent watches, gliding slow,
Her constellations come, and climb the heavens, and go.

Day, too, hath many a star
To grace his gorgeous reign, as bright as they?
Through the blue firmament
They follow in their flaming way:
Many a bright lingerer, as the eye grows dim,
Tells what a radiant troop arose and set with him.

And thou dost see them rise,
Star of the Pole! and thou dost see them set.
Alone, in thy cold skies,
The lonely light of night
Nor join at the dances of that glittering train,
Nor dip thy virgin orb in the blue western main.

There, at morn's rosy birth,
Thou lookest merrily through the kindling air,
And eve, that round the earth
Chases the day, beholds thee watching there.
Thou art the most popular of stars,
The shapes of polar flame to scale heaven's azure walls.

Alike beneath thine eye,
The deeds of darkness and of light are done;
High towards the starlit sky,
Towns blaze—the smoke of battle blows the sun—
The night-storm on a thousand hills is loud—
And the strong wind of day doth mingle sea and land.

Thou art the guiding star,
Thou art the guiding star, his compass lost,
And steers, undoubting, to the friendly coast;
And they who stray in perilous wastes, by night,
Are glad when thou dost shine to guide their footsteps right.

And, therefore, hark'd of old,
Sages, and hermits of the solemn wood,
Did in thy beams behold
A beacon's type of that unchanging good,
That brightens our horizon, and the hour that calls
The voyager of time should shape his heedful way.

SPIRITUAL RAPPINGS.—The mystery which so intensely interested a large portion of society in this country is now, in the hand of a man evidently highly learned, and conclusively a master of the most obtuse sciences, or triumphantly explained, and in a manner so clear and enlightened, that all who wondered, but believed, will absolutely laugh at their own short-sighted folly in peeping into the mysteries of the spirit world, without the aid of science. Dr. DARIUS Durr thus lifts the veil that had so darkened the visions of tender brethren and tender sisters. The elegance of his language is only exceeded by the scientific clearness of its elucidation:

"The only true and legitimate manner of accounting for the raps, is the physiological defects in the membranous system. The obtuseness of the abdominal adhibitor causes the cartilaginous compressor to coagulate into the diaphragm, and depresses the duodenum into the fundago. Now if the raps were caused by the vibration of the electricity from the extremities, the tympanum would also dissolve into spiritual incense, and the olfactory ossificator would ferment and become identical with the pigmentum. Now as this is not the case, in order to produce the raps, the spiritual rotundum must be elevated down to the spiritual zero. But, as I said before, the inferior ligaments must not subside over the diaphragm sufficiently to disorganize the sterculeum.

Darius Durr.

Dump! D'y'e "gu'out!"

Mrs. Swishelm says the reason one nation conquers another, is not owing to the kind of arms they use, but the kind of food. In her opinion, meat will triumph over cabbage. So long as cattle and Hindoos feed on cauliflowers, so long will bull dogs triumph over men, and Tartars over the other. When Ireland frees herself from England, it will be when Ireland swaps off her potatoes and takes to pork. To expect freedom to come from butter-milk, is as absurd as to look for ballot boxes in Russia.

Dan Marble says he once partook of a rooster so old that he was baldheaded. To get the feathers out, the "house gal" had to use a claw-hammer—while the old creature was so tenacious of life, that after being baked two hours he continued to crow.—With a few leather pickles, such poultry must be inviting.

HAVE some very fine Sardines for sale. Dr. C. P. MATTINGLY.

The following proceedings are most admirable. We should delight to see the same or similar resolutions adopted in every city, town and village in the country, and spread upon the journals of Congress, and sent forth to the world as a vitally important part of the political gospel of America and civilization.

Meeting in Behalf of the Irish Exiles.

At a meeting of the citizens of Louisville, held at the Court House on Saturday evening, Jan. 10th, to give expression to their sympathy for Smith O'Brien, and his companions in exile, still suffering in Van Dieman's land.

On motion of Gen. Pilcher, Hon. Wm. R. Vance was called to the Chair, and Jas. S. Speed, Esq., appointed Secretary.

After a few remarks from the chair, explanatory of the objects of the meeting.

On motion of Nathaniel Wolfe, Esq., a committee of six persons was appointed by the chair to prepare and report resolutions expressive of the object of the meeting.

Whereupon, the following gentlemen were appointed: Nathaniel Wolfe, Gen. W. S. Pilcher, Jacob Walters, Judge Murphy, C. L. Standiford, and J. H. Harney. The committee, after deliberation, presented to the consideration of the meeting the following resolutions:

Resolved, That, to preserve the existence, develop the principle, and to establish the rights of mankind under every form of government now existing, in the opinion of this meeting, those who live under a form of government which they prefer, should not interfere with any other form of government under which any other people may choose to live.

Resolved, That each nation of the earth has alone the right to alter its own existing institutions, and to establish such form for themselves as the nation may deem best suited to their wants.

Resolved, That, because we believe that all institutions of government are or ought to be the result of the free choice of the people whom they govern, we are of the opinion that the people of one nation should not seek to determine, for any other, the kind, mode, or measure of the punishment to be inflicted on citizens or subjects for crimes defined by law, and prohibited against the government itself, or against fellow-citizens as subjects.

Resolved, That while public opinion in America, enlightened by Christian benevolence, and fostered by our glorious constitutions, declaring that "excessive fines shall not be imposed, nor cruel punishments inflicted," impels us to hold the sword of justice in the sheath of mercy, we bring no charge against the government of England for the fidelity with which the Executive carries into effect the laws of the legislative power of that country. We hold to the doctrine that to be obeyed at home, or respected abroad, the laws of every country should be faithfully executed without hindrance or molestation.

Resolved, That among Christian nations, there does and ought to exist a bond of sympathy, and especially ought it so to be between the United States and the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland. As a people the former is descended from the mother and the child. The fraternity between Americans and Englishmen arises from the same language, laws, liberty and religion; and by all the ties of a common origin, a common interest, and a common destiny are they united.

Resolved, That, owning a common brotherhood in every duty of humanity, we may, without the appearance of officious interference, or censorious complaint, express our sympathy with the unhappy sons of Ireland, who so directed their love to their country as to violate the laws of their government, and thereby brought on themselves the wrath of their native land—whereas Smith O'Brien, Mitchell, and others engaged in the late rebellion in Ireland—and respectfully request the government of the United States, to ask of the Queen of England to extend to them her Royal pardon. We do this, because we believe that England is too powerful and stable to be shaken or injured either by her acts of justice or mercy, and too noble to be revenged; and that her sovereignty may never be perpetuated as certainly by grace, as by sufferings and punishments.

Resolved, That these resolutions be published in the newspapers of this city, and a copy thereof be transmitted by the Secretary to the President of the United States, with the request of this meeting, that he will take such action in the premises, as shall be consistent with the honor and dignity of the United States, and entirely respectful to the government of England, to facilitate the release of the unhappy men we have mentioned, and their restoration to their homes and their country.

After reading the resolutions, Nathaniel Wolfe, Esq., followed by Hamilton Pope, Esq., each addressed the meeting in spirited and eloquent speeches, receiving bursts of applause.

General Pilcher being loudly called for, entertained the meeting in his usual and happy manner to a late hour; when the resolutions being put by the chair, they were unanimously adopted. The meeting then adjourned.

JAMES SPEED, Secretary.

DIED.

In Hodgenville, Ky., on the 12th inst., of typhoid pneumonia, Miss SUSAN M. BROWN in the 15th year of her age.

Another flower has been culled from the rose-tree of life! 'Twas scarce in the beauty of its innocent bloom, ere Death's Recording Angel—missioned from Heaven—flung from his pale wing the cold unfriendly dew, withering and wasting its rosy leaves. She is no more on Earth; yet we trust she has been transplanted in Heaven's Eden Garden, to bloom "neath eternal sunshine. No more we'll greet her here. Ah, no; we'll miss her from the social circle, and the festive hall. But, blessed thought! Religion's holy influence has pointed her to an immortality beyond the tomb; and we hope to meet her at the pure Fountain of Heaven; where the angels bathe their untiring pinions.

H. T. H.

Bardstown, Ky., Jan'y 20, 1852.

Western Recorder please copy.

Connecticut Blue Laws.

These celebrated relics of New England's antiquity, are occasionally republished and are a brief, but pungent commentary upon the asceticism of the times. Among them we find—

No one shall be a freeman or carry a vote unless he is converted, and a member in full communication with one of the churches allowed in this dominion. No man shall hold any office who is not sound in the faith, and faithful to this dominion; and whoever gives a vote to such a person shall pay a fine of twenty shillings for the first offence, and for the second he shall be disfranchised.

Each freeman shall swear by the blessing of God to bear true allegiance to this dominion, and that Jesus is the only King.

No Quaker or dissenter from worship of the established dominion shall be allowed to give a vote for the election of magistrates or any officer.

No food or lodging shall be offered a Quaker, Adamite, or other heretic. If a person turns Quaker, he shall be banished and not suffered to return on pain of death. No priest shall abide in this dominion; he shall be banished and suffer death on his return.

Priests may be seized by any one; without a warrant.

No one shall cross a ferry but with an authorized ferryman.

No one shall run on the Sabbath day, or walk in the garden or elsewhere, except reverently to and from Church.

No one shall travel, cook victuals, make beds, sweep house, cut hair, or shave on the Sabbath day.

No woman shall kiss her child on the Sabbath day.

The Sabbath shall begin at sunset on Saturday.

To pick an year of corn growing in a neighbor's garden shall be deemed theft.

A person accused with trespass in the night shall be judged guilty, unless he clears himself by oath.

When it appears that an accused has confederates, and refuse to discover them he may be racked.

Whoever publishes a lie to the prejudice of his neighbor, shall sit in stocks, and be whipped fifteen stripes.

No minister shall keep a school.

Whoever brings cards or dice into this dominion, shall pay a fine of 25.

Whoever wears a cloth trimmed with gold, silver, or bone lace above two shillings by the yard shall be presented to the grand jurors, and the selectmen shall tax the offender at £300 estate.

A debtor in prison swearing he has no estate, shall be let out, and sold to make satisfaction.

Whoever sets fire in the woods and burns a house, shall suffer death; and persons suspected of this crime shall be imprisoned without the benefit of bail.

No one shall read common prayer, keep Christmas or Saint's days, or make mince pies, play cards or play on any instrument of music, except the drum, trumpet and jehawrah.

New Advertisements.

NEW BOOKS:

I HAVE JUST received which are:
Catholic Almanac for '52.
Prayer Book, beautifully bound.
Dunne's Catholic Library, No. 1, and 2.
A new Catholic story, Annie and her Aunt, by a convert to the Catholic church. Price, 25 cents.
The Works of the Rt. Rev. Francis Patrick Kenrick, and others.
N. M. BOOTH.

A CHANCE OFFERED.

To all those who have been sleeping on the floor, boxes and bed cords, we would say that we are still making Mattresses of all kinds, Spring, Hair, Moss, Cotton, and Stuck Mattresses made in a superior manner, and warranted equal to any made in the West. We will also make Window Curtains and Bed Curtains, Cut and fit Carpets in a style equal if not superior to anything of the kind ever before done in Bardstown.

We are also prepared to repair any kind of upholstery, such as putting new covers on fine sofas and chairs, and re-stuffing the seats, &c. Rooms next door below J. C. Mattingly's dwelling, on Market street.

Terms cash.

Jan 21 W. H. HARDISTY & WIFE.

BARDSTOWN FEMALE ACADEMY.

The next Session of the Bardstown Female Academy will open on the First Monday in September, 1852. The Academy is furnished with a very complete Philosophical Apparatus. The Regular and Extra Courses are liberal, and conducted by Teachers of established reputation.

CHARGES OF REGULAR COURSE: PER TERM.
Primary Department, " " \$ 8 00
Junior, " 1st Section, " " 12 00
" 2d Section, " " 16 00
Senior, " 1st Section, " " 16 00
" 2d Section, " " 8 00

EXTRA COURSE.

Instruction on Harp and Use of Instruments, " " 30 00
Instruction on Piano and Use of Instruments, " " 20 00
Instruction on Guitar and Use of Instruments, " " 14 00
Instruction in French, German, Latin or Greek, " " 10 00
Drawing and Painting in Water Colors 12 00
Needle-Work free of charge.

Reference made to all the Editors.

J. V. COSBY, Principal.

Bardstown, August 7, 1851.—34 ft.

Nathaniel Wickliffe and R. Logan Wickliffe, COUNSELLORS AND ATTORNEYS AT LAW.

Bardstown, Kentucky: Office in "Sweet's Row," fronting the Public Square.

Will attend the Courts in this and the adjoining Counties. All business committed to them will be punctually attended to.

Dr. D. H. COX

Is now receiving his Fall supplies, embracing all articles usually kept in Drug and Grocery Stores, which he is determined to sell unusually low for cash, or to punctual customers on short credit.

Being determined to stop the Louisville trade to this place in Oil, Paints, &c. (if low prices will do it) he has made such arrangements as will enable him (for cash) to sell West Land and Oil at the Louisville prices and carriage.

He feels in hopes such inducements will incline the public to encourage home trade; or at least give him a call and examine before purchasing at other places.

He will take in exchange for articles in his line Flax seed, Mustard seed, Beans, Lard, Rape, Feathers, Glass, etc., at the highest market price.

Bardstown Sept. 18, 1851.

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Nathaniel Wickliffe and R. Logan Wickliffe, COUNSELLORS AND ATTORNEYS AT LAW.

Bardstown, Kentucky: Office in "Sweet's Row," fronting the Public Square.

Will attend the Courts in this and the adjoining Counties. All business committed to them will be punctually attended to.

KEEP BEFORE THE PEOPLE

The fact that the BARDSTOWN HERALD can be sent to any Post-Office in this County FREE of Postage; that a Club of Thirty can get the HERALD at ONE DOLLAR each, and the gentleman or lady who procures us that many subscribers, will get the Herald for nothing, and our thanks; that at the rate of One Dollar per copy the Bardstown Herald is decidedly cheaper to the citizens of Nelson County than other Newspapers in the world, and as a County paper we hope that we will be able to make it more interesting and more useful than any other paper, not published in the county, can be: be it also remembered that Clubs must advance the money. No fears need be entertained concerning our ability to work through another year. Every thing in our Office is paid for and insured, and we intend to carry on the Herald until the Type wears out. If anybody doubts it, we say to him give us a call and if he desires it we will show clear receipts for press, type, sticks, ink, paper, cases, chaises, galleys, &c., &c.

By reference to our advertising columns it will be seen that Messrs. RILEY & MUIR have removed to Louisville, where they will be glad to see their friends from this district. They have entered into a co-partnership with Mr. JAMES C. BAILEY, who will always be found at his Office, formerly occupied by Riley & Muir; and all legal business entrusted to Mr. Bailey will receive attention from them.

EXAMINATION
Of the Bardstown Collegiate Institute will commence on Thursday, the 5th of February. Patrons and all interested are solicited to be present on that occasion.

The Constitution which Louis Napoleon vouchsafes to France is as follows: The President to appoint, besides his ministry, the council of State, and the Senate. The lower legislative body to be constituted by the people choosing 30,000 electors who in turn shall choose 500 persons, from whom the President shall select 250. Thus all power will in reality be in the hands of the Executive.

Monday night, (the 19th), was awfully cold, about 14 degrees below zero. On Tuesday we had the most extraordinary spectacle of four funerals—that of Mr. Electus Hagan, an old and highly respectable citizen of our county, and three very young children—of Mr. Wm. Powell, one of Mr. J. C. Talbot and one of Mr. James N. Poole.

The more than usual expenses of our Office consequent upon the purchase of our NEW PRESS and a large and excellent addition of TYPE, compell us to call on those indebted to us either for Subscriptions to the HERALD, Advertising, or Job-Work, for the money or whatever has been agreed upon, when the debt was made. Most of the debts due us do not exceed five dollars each, and any of the debtors can very conveniently pay up whilst we would consider ourselves "in town with a pocket full of rocks," when we get all that is due us.

We call attention to the advertisement of Wm. H. Hardisty & Wife, in another column. Some of the kinds of work done by them, we know are very superior, and we would advise those wanting anything done in their line, to patronize them.

WOOD-WANTED-AT-THIS OFFICE. Friends bring us a few loads. Those who have promised us WOOD for subscriptions cannot bring it to us at a better time.

Washington: visiting a lady in his neighborhood, on leaving the house, a little girl was directed to open the door. He turned to the child and said, "I am sorry, my little dear, to give you so much trouble." "I wish sir," she replied, "it was to let you in."

PARIS UNDER MARTIAL LAW.

A Graphic Description.

An occasional correspondent of the New York Courier, writing from Paris on the 5th inst., gives a very graphic account of the scenes in Paris during the usurpation, an account which the French and English press carefully keep from the public, they being under the ban of Napoleon the Second.

On Wednesday morning I went into the streets, debouching on the Boulevard des Italiens by the rue Richelieu. The pave was crowded with well dressed, orderly people, and the shops all open. Every now and then a mounted officer would pass, and at times a picket of infantry or squadron of horse. I entered several of the cafes. They were full of people, but nobody seemed to be eating or drinking, though many were engaged in games; and I overlooked, with others, for a few moments, a game of chess, which having been completed, the victor exclaimed in sort of mock triumph, *c'est Napoleon qui gagne!* It seemed to me that the temper of the people was good, and upon the whole, though certainly there were many dissentients, that they were pleased with the course of public events. Towards mid-day I had strolled as far eastward as the fountain called the Chateau d'Eau, observing nothing on the way to alter my view of the popular feeling. Here, however, where the Rue du Temple turns off to the right, persons were pressing down this street as if to see something that was known to be stirring, and not less curious than others. I followed the example. I found the street to grow very much narrower at the bottom. I had got in movably fixed in an impervious crowd, and this crowd in a frightful state of excitement, before I had time to reflect on the danger I was incurring. I had determined that the worst means of escape would be to return the route I had come, and that it was better to push on as I could, and turn off at the first corner I should come to, when several single shots, and then a volley which seemed close to my ear, although I could see neither smoke nor fire, suddenly put the dense mass to flight. Then were cries of distress, and many seemed to be trodden under foot. I held on to the side of a house, under the lee of some projecting object, which kept me in safety from the torrent. In a few moments there was comparative quiet, a clear space around me. The windows and doors on both sides of the way were closed, though three or four inquisitive faces were peeping out from many upper stories. A door suddenly opened, and a man with bare arms, and a handkerchief knotted round his hand, rushed out, holding in his hand a little wooden keg, and running at full speed down the street, turned to the right; I followed, and upon reaching the corner, became aware that at some distance on the right, there was a tremendous uproar—most terrific cries, and an unceasing discharge of musketry. I dashed across the street, and pursuing my original direction, thought to give the scene of commotion a wide berth. After passing through an almost deserted way, for ten or fifteen minutes, I encountered a body of sixty or eighty soldiers on the run, with trailed arms. These fellows are so hot, thought I, there is no knowing what may happen now. I determined, however, to assume a sort of cool dignity. As they approached I was conscious that the officer at their head kept a severe eye fixed on me. I made way for them with as disembarassed an air as I could, and as the chief came nearer I slowly raised my hat. He returned the salute with careful politeness, and hurriedly uttering the words, *chez vous! chez vous!* passed on. I continued my route with feelings that were rapidly approaching uneasiness. I was aware in which direction the Boulevards lay, and that by bearing to the right I should approach them at a point higher up than the Rue du Temple; but besides this I had little knowledge of my whereabouts. The streets were deserted; I saw hardly anybody except two or three groups, standing over or carrying wounded men, and others flying, as it seemed, from a scene of battle.

The narrow streets were so dark, and seemingly dangerous, that I gave up the thought of reaching the rue St. Denis, and turning up St. Martin, was soon in the crowd. All that I could learn was that there had been severe fighting somewhere, and that even now preparations were making for the like game somewhere else. All my views of public feeling suddenly proved fallacious; there were numbers of well-dressed men, such as you see at Delmonico's at mid-day, with many work-people, and not a few thorough looking desperadoes; but no noise or confusion of any kind; all conversed in stealthy tones, with the air of persons whose thoughts were fixed on some important business in which they were to figure as spectators or participants; but I could not doubt from various circumstances, that all, perhaps without exception, were enemies of Louis Napoleon.

I went into a good-looking, safe or public house, but discovered, or thought I discovered, such decided marks of business, that I soon turned into the street again. Two or three garçons were moving empty cases and deal boards into one corner of the large room; several persons were handling fowling-pieces or pistols, and I heard one ask another for something, whereupon the person addressed demanded to see Monsieur's billet, and then the first produced a paper from his pocket, which seemed to settle the matter satisfactorily. I sauntered up the street, doubtful what course to pursue, but still curious to watch the progress of events. I thought each step was taking me nearer home, but in this I was mistaken. I was yet probably far short of the Boulevards, when I gathered from the speech of those around me, that progress in that direction was mercilessly stopped by a strong picket of horse and foot. I could only retrace

my steps, but still eschewed the side streets, for they had a most gloomy and way-laying air, and had nearly reached the point at which I entered St. Martin, when my ears caught the still more alarming report—on ne peut plus circuler! les maudits tyrans! This, I confess, nearly put a stop to my own special interior circulation! It occurred to me at once that the Quarter was surrounded, that escape was hopeless, and that I must even dispose of myself as I could.

The mob was every moment growing more earnest, and were beginning to batter the lamps at no great distance from me. I looked first at one house and then at another, but at last my steps brought me to a low, humble-looking shop, over the window of which I discovered the name of some body, *Horologer*, and at the door a little man, whom I took to be the *Horologer* himself. I rapidly explained to him my straits and wishes—he eyed me attentively for a moment or two, and then, to my great satisfaction, admitted me to enter. We passed through an empty shop, for all his valuables had probably been packed up, excepting those we found in a back room, viz.—his wife and three children, the eldest of which had hardly passed its degree of tottler. The lady received me with the air of a countess, (meaning thereby a really kind and graceful manner,) though she had little pretensions to personal neatness or modish dress. She overwhelmed me with compliments to the English—"We are separated," said she, "from all our friends, but heaven has sent us one in Monsieur!" and seemed striving to implant herself in my good graces, while I was only too anxious to stand well in hers. Some wretched coffee was brewed, and a modicum of bread completed a desolate looking supper board, and though pressed with true hospitality to eat, I took but little, from want of appetite, and because the house was evidently short of supplies.

Not a word was said of late events of the danger that was approaching, except that the man several times ejaculated soothingly, *sois tranquille, cela finira bientôt!* to which his partner presently replied *Grace a Dieu!* Presently it was proposed that we should go up-stairs, and we shortly did so, to look out from a front window. The street presented a singular spectacle. People were dragging along a coupe and two or three carts; others carrying tables, benches, planks, and half a dozen were shouldering a long ladder; but with all this there was but little noise, saving a continual rapping at doors, which were long reached our own, and then I understood it to be a demand for articles of furniture. My host looked round his scantily-furnished chamber, and darting on a wooden flap, which opened and shut against the wall, he easily wrenched this from his holdings and passed it out of the window. The contribution was deemed sufficient. This course of things continued all night, and rather increased than diminished towards morning, and for some time after. The night was anxious, but the shortest, I think, I ever knew. No one, I am sure, slept but the children, and if my friends were like myself, no one of us felt inclined to sleep. It must have been long after day-break, when the house was fairly shaken by a tremendous discharge of small arms and cannon, not far off, but on which side of us we could not tell. This continued for an hour, it may be, but I had quite lost all measure of time, and did not pretend to report it with certainty. At times, the air was thick with smoke. The street was entirely deserted, except that at intervals, a feeling combatant (of the people) would stagger along, slouching his hurt with a handkerchief, or tumbling into a door that opened to receive him, at last there seemed to be a complete rout, and people were driving along pell mell. I fixed my eye on a comely young man in a dark frock, but hatless, with a drawn sword in his hand. As he ran he severed the straps of his scabbard and let it drop, and then swinging suddenly round, cut desperately at two soldiers close behind, but before his arm came back, both bayonets had pierced him. One poor fellow had a good chance for escape, but he tripped over something and fell on his face—in a twinkling, first one and then two or three murderers, with vertical and repeated thrusts, soon finished his pain. I was sick at the sight, but worse was yet to come. A half dozen soldiers, it may be more, were dragging along a poor wretch whose looks and cries seemed hopelessly to ask for pity. Arrived at a lamp-post, his breast was quickly crossed by a strap or cord, which passing under the arm-pits, was loosely tied above him. I am sure the least effort on his part would have released him—he made none, but hung his head as if resigned. A ruffian then stepped out slowly and evenly, some twelve paces to his front, and with the air of the parade, first ordered, then pointed his fire-lock, wheeled to the rear, presented, took a long aim, and fired. I doubt not, with sufficient effect, for his comrades shouted out, *Bravo! vive Napoleon!* I could stand this no longer. Not once only, but several times, I heard the shot and accompanying shout, the meaning of which I now too well knew. My host and hostess had long since retired from the window, and even from the room. I found them bathed in tears, and was quite ready to cry myself at the earliest moment I should find it useful to do so. I meditated escape from the back of the house, but was checked by the thought how ungenerous it was to desert friends who had generously protected me. Platons were now either firing into the upper windows of houses, or breaking doors open to enter them. To my great delight I found that, for some unexplained reason, my host's wishes coincided with my own. He willingly gave me some unintelligible directions, and assisted me into an unknown territory, beyond the boundary of his little yard. I cleared the fence, to land on the roof of a pig-sty, or

something worse. There was a house before me it is true, but it seemed to admit of no entrance. I was looking anxiously at a wall on the right and then at a board fence on my left, when a man's head rose over the gutter, followed by the body, which, suspended for an instant by the hands, dropped to the ground. This individual was followed by three others, the last of whom rested on the top to pull over a light ladder. Applying this to the opposite fence, three had quickly disappeared on the other side, when I looked inquiringly at the one yet standing at the foot of the ladder, and proposed to follow—*montez! mon bon enfant!* vite, vite! said he, and I rapidly obeyed the injunction. These generous fellows having once adopted me, made me like one of themselves. They were familiar with the ground, and knew their part well. We scaled with more or less difficulty, numerous fences and walls, passed unchallenged through many houses, crossed several streets, and at last, after a long and distressing journey, (on my part) reached one which the men, informed me would lead into the *Boulevard des Italiens* at no great distance off.

I never felt a great sense of gratitude it was now. I took from my purse a coin, which to me seemed too small, but to them a too liberal remuneration for kindness, and grasping each of my rough companions warmly by the hand, bid them farewell. May Heaven spare them now and hereafter from the bullets of the soldiers! After walking for some time, I found myself approaching the Boulevards, but the crowd very much increased as I did so. I soon found that I was entering them at the corner of the *Cafe de Paris*, with which I was so familiar. I bowed my way with redoubled energy, kept the wall close to my right, mounted the crowded steps, and at last reached the interior.

I went up stairs in the hope of finding the crowd less, and the chances of seeing into the street greater; but in both respects was disappointed, for the room was as full as below, and the windows completely blocked by people standing on chairs and tables.

As far as my eye could reach in either direction, a long line of foot stretched along each side-pavement, each facing toward the houses across the way, while through the middle of the street poured westward a continuous stream of all arms. Not a civilian was to be seen below, but every window and balcony of every house was crowded with people. All the time I had been in the house, and even before, I had occasionally heard distant firing, but my attention was not constantly directed to it. Now there were repeated shots on the Boulevard. I saw at least two officers assisted from their horses, several soldiers falling or down, and at one point another considerable stir or disorder in the ranks. Presently there was a thundering volley, and a whole front of a house far to the left was instantly cleared of spectators. Again and again the sound rang in my ears, and several other houses were cleared, but still many remained full as before. Suddenly my companions started back, and while most of them fell flat on their backs, I dressed against the wall inside of the window. It was not a second too soon. We heard a volley as if beneath our feet, the crash of falling glass, and a loud cry of anguish up the stairway. For what seemed to me an age of endurance, but few of us changed our position. At last there seemed to be an alleviation of danger. The prostrate figures before me became restless, and intercommunicated by means of whistles.

The man with a shovel consented to sacrifice himself for the company, and he and his defenceless rising from the floor, with many jerks backwards, but still gaining in advance, he shortly announced that the barbarians opposite were standing at ease. I went down stairs to mingle with the crowd. They were agitated, but neither loud in their expressions, nor enraged. I learned that several wounded were in the back rooms;—if so, the unfortunate persons made no audible cries. Many, however, were running to and fro, and every now and then I heard earnest enquiries made about somebody's injury or state. Through several hours, I think the firing continued, though it seemed with increasing intervals; but by general consent, every one was sternly forbidden to approach a window, and it was impossible to know what was passing without. I passed the night here without food, without sleep, like hundreds of others, constantly on my feet. Upon one point there seemed to be no doubt—that it was forbidden to circulate, and certain death to go into the street. At last, the joyful word was passed, that the interdiction was raised. The door was opened, and the dawn of day faintly lighted up many haggard faces.

An Irishman on being asked which was oldest, he or his brother?—"I am oldest," but if my brother lives three years, we shall both be of an age."

Delicious madness is defined as going crazy after calico. Its premonitory symptoms are standing collars, and a passionate desire to blow the bowels out of a flute.

It is said that you can keep a hundred game cocks in the same yard without any outbreak whatever, provided there are no females present. Introduce a hen, however, and the "devil is to pay" in no time. As a colored brother once said, what a "close proximity" exists between the barn-yard and the human family. Philosophers should dwell upon it.

A German writer, compares the different stages in the lives of woman, to milk, butter and cheese. "A girl," he says, "is like milk, a woman like butter, and an old woman like cheese—all three may be excellent in their kind."

It is not always a mark of frankness to possess an open countenance.—An alligator is a deceitful creature, and yet he presents an open countenance when in the very act of "taking you in."

BARON VON HUMBOLDT.—It was my happiness, while in Berlin, to be favored with an agreeable personal interview with the greatest philosopher living, viz: Baron Alexander Heinrich Friedrich Von Humboldt, whose name is identified with all that is great and dignified in science. He is a man by himself and without a superior in intellectual vigor and resources. Although a small man—born so long ago as September 14, 1769—he is all animation, and his conversation of the most varied and interesting character. His face is without a wrinkle, his eyes are as sparkling as ever, and I saw him read without glasses. This shows that we were made to be exercised, and those who are the most energetic, not only enjoy the best of health, but also have the longest lease of life. Being never married, his entire days have been actively devoted to scientific pursuits. He gave me some account of his travels in Equatorial America and Northern Asia. Through him the gold regions of the Ural Mountains were discovered. His observations on the auriferous regions of California were new and instructive. He distinctly maintains that the quantity of gold there is not as large as represented. The yield has not been equal to the Russian mines, and the value of the metal will not be lessened by the California discoveries. I do not feel at liberty to relate, as some might desire, the remarks of this extraordinary philosopher. Knowing I had been travelling in the East, he made inquiries in regard to countries visited, and then adverted to his early adventures in Mexico. A gentleman who has the honor of frequent intercourse with him, says that a second part of the Cosmos is in preparation. So industriously employed is this pride of Prussia, the favorite of the king—who gives him a paradise of a residence in the palace at Potsdam, when he goes out of Berlin—that he is reputed to sleep but four hours out of twenty-four. I have never been in the presence of any man who surpassed him for learning, kindness, simplicity, and true majesty. *Cor. Boston Med. and Surg. Journal.*

HOME TRADE IN ENGLAND BY RAILWAYS.—The effects of railways on home trade may be seen in the regular trade that is now carried on between London and the most remote parts of the kingdom in every conceivable thing that will bear moving. Sheep have been sent from Perth to London, and Covent Garden has supplied tons of the finer description of vegetables to the citizens of Glasgow; every Saturday five tons of the best fish in season are dispatched from Billingsgate to Birmingham, and milk is conveyed in padlock tins, from and beyond Harrow, at the rate of about one penny per gallon. In articles which are imported into both Liverpool and London, there is a constant interchange, according to the state of the market; thus a penny per pound difference may bring a hundred chests of Congou up or send as many of Hyson down the line. All graziers within a day of the rail are able to compete in the London market; the probability of any extraordinary demand increases the number of beasts arriving weekly at Camden Station from the average of five hundred to two thousand, and the sheep from two thousand to six thousand, and these animals can be brought from the furthest grazing grounds in the kingdom without any loss of weight, and in much better condition than the fat oxen were formerly driven to Smithfield from the rich pastures round Aylesbury, or the valley of the Thames.

There is a grocer up town, who is said to be so mean that he was seen to catch a flea off his counter, hold him up by his hind legs, and look into to the cracks of his feet, to see if he hadn't been stealing some of his sugar.

The difference between a post office stamp and a dunkey is, that you stick one with a lick; and lick the other with a stick.

Barnum has recently enriched his museum with a lock of hair from the head of steamboat navigation; also a blush from the face of the earth, and ten yards from the equinoctial line.

A parishoner complained to the parson that his new pew was too far from the pulpit, and that he must purchase one some little nearer.

"Why?" asked the parson; "can't you hear distinctly?"

"O yes, I can hear well enough."

"Can't you see plainly?"

"Yes I can see perfectly."

"Well, then, what on earth can be the trouble?"

"Why, there are so many in front of me who catch what you first say, that by the time your words reach my ears they are as flat as dish-water."

HOOFLAND'S GERMAN BITTERS.—We would call the attention of our readers to the advertisements of Dr. Hoofland's celebrated German Bitters, prepared by Dr. C. M. Jackson, No. 120 Arch street, Philadelphia. In cases of Liver complaint, Dyspepsia, Disease of the Kidneys, and all diseases arising from a disordered stomach, their power is not excelled, if equalled, by any other known preparation, as the cures attest, in many cases, after the most celebrated physicians had failed. We can conscientiously recommend this medicine, as being what it is represented and urge our readers who are afflicted to procure a bottle and they will be convinced of the truth we assert.

WANTED.
A GOOD washer and ironer for the balance of the year. Apply at this office.

ALL persons having Boots and Shoes to mend can have them mended by calling on W. T. Hardisty, next door to Doane & Hart's Saddle Shop, Arch street.

Terms: Cash, without exception to persons. After the work is done, some attention will be given to law.

LADIES wishing a handsome Silk or Mous de Lain Dress will do well to call and look at our stock. We are offering them very low.

McKAY & METCALFE.

WOOL HATS. A very superior article, just received, and for sale by McKAY & METCALFE.

Commercial.

LOUISVILLE, Jan. 20.
There has not been a great deal of business done in the Market this week on account of the impediments to navigation. The Ohio River is frozen over—with ice from 8 to 12 inches in thickness.

The Hog Killing season is over, with probably the exception of a few hundred head. The number killed around falls will be about 190,000 head, against 197,000 killed last year. The increase of weight to the hog is however estimated at 10 per cent. It is generally supposed that there will be a considerable deficit. Holders of Provisions are very firm and show no disposition to sell at present rates.

FLOUR AND GRAIN.—We quote sales of Flour in lots at \$3 30 to \$3 40 from stores, retail sales at \$3 75 to \$4 25; Wheat is worth 57c; Corn 35c; Oats 25c.

FRUITS are scarce—Dried Apples \$1 25 to \$1 50 per bushel; Dried Peaches \$1 75 to \$2 50; Raisins \$2 10 per box—Prunes 22c per pound.

FISH.—Mackerel—No. 87 to 88—No. 2 \$10 to \$11—No. 1, \$13 to \$14 per barrel.

GROCERIES.—The supply is abundant, but prices sustained. Sales of Sugar have been made at 4c to 5c, in lots; by the barrel prices range from 5c to 6c, for the best article. Coffee—prices range from 9c to 9c. Molasses bring from 28c to 30c—Sugar house, 38c to 40c. Rice, 4c to 5c. Cheese, in demand at 6c.

HIDES.—Dall at 4c for green; for Dry Salted 9c.

PROVISIONS.—Mess Pork is quoted at \$13 25, some holders ask \$13 50; Bacon from wagons at 7c Hog round; Lard 7c to 8c, in kegs.

COTTON.—is declining.

McKAY & METCALFE.
DEALERS IN DOMESTIC & FANCY DRY GOODS, Hardware, Queensware, Glassware, Groceries, &c., &c., and almost every article usually kept in retail stores. All of which they are selling at unusually low prices.

Please call and examine before purchasing.
Jan 21

FRESH supply of richly perfumed ROSE HAIR OIL, and CREME DE LYS, for sale, wholesale and retail by
Dr. D. H. COX.

IBBL. LINSEED OIL, in store, and for sale by
decd COLLINGS & WELLS.

FRESH TEA.
We have just received a large supply of the best quality of Gunpowder and Black Tea, put up in metallic packs.

NOURSE & HACKLEY.
ZANTE CURRANTS. for sale by
Jan 14 COLLINGS & WELLS.

TAILORING.
Gentlemen's Garments. of every description cut and made to order by the Paris and New York styles, by T. J. MAYNARD. Orders solicited and promptly complied with.

Shop West side of the Public Square, oct 23-45-1m

BLASTING AND RIFLE POWDER. also Safety Fuse on hand and for sale.
oct 23 COLLINGS & WELLS.

I AM CONSTRAINED TO ASK THOSE INDEBTED TO ME TO MAKE PAYMENT AS SOON AS THEY CAN, and oblige,
AL. W. HYNES.

Dec. 25th, 1851.
WHISKY WANTED.
I WISH to purchase two or three hundred Barrels of good Whisky.
Sept 25 Dr. C. P. MATTINGLY.

DOCTOR TAYLOR'S Female Bitters.—A certain cure for Female Diseases—for sale by
Dr. D. H. COX.

500 BUSHELS WHEAT WANTED
I WISH to purchase 500 BUSHELS of GOOD WHEAT, for which I will pay CASH.
Jan 14 CHAS. E. NOURSE.

LAST NOTICE.
MONEY WANTED to pay the debts of J. C. AD, dec'd, and we must have it by the 1st day of February next, or employ the Sheriff's and Constables to get it for us.

S. JONHSON,
T. P. LINTHICUM.

Jan 14 3c Adm's J. C. Ad.

MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS.—Just received an assortment of Violins, Flutes, and Fifes. Also—Violin and Guitar Strings.
Jan 14 N. M. BOOTH.

LINSEED OIL.—A very superior—in store and for sale by
Jan 14 COLLINGS & WELLS.

SUGAR HOUSE & PLANTATION MOLASSES. in store and for sale by
Jan 14 COLLINGS & WELLS.

LOOK OUT FOR HIM!
ALL persons indebted to me either by bill or note or account must make immediate payment, if they wish to save cost.
Jan 14 J. L. CARRETHERS.

MUSIC.—Just received an assortment of Piano and Guitar Music, including, "I would not have thee young again," by E. Z. Webster, and Mavourneen Macchree, by Madame Abiamowicz.
Jan 14 N. M. BOOTH.

DRIED PEACHES.—for sale by
Jan 14 COLLINGS & WELLS.

FLOUR.—constantly on hand and for sale by
Jan 14 COLLINGS & WELLS.

ED. N. TALBOT. JOHN Z. AUD.

TALBOT & AUD

WOULD respectfully inform their friends and the public that they have taken the extensive Blacksmith Establishment lately carried on by John C. Aud, dec'd, on Broad Street, where all kinds of work in their line, will be done in the best manner, and on the most accommodating terms.

dec 11-2m

APPLS, ORANGES, DAN PRUNES, &c., in store and for sale by
Jan 14 COLLINGS & WELLS.

GOOD COGNAC can be bought at 50 cents to \$1.50 per Bottle of 50
Dr. C. P. MATTINGLY.

6 BALES BATTING.—Nos. 1 and 2 in store and for sale by
no 13 COLLINGS & WELLS.

DRIED PEACHES, in store, and for sale by
decd COLLINGS & WELLS.

OWEN'S HOTEL
(Late Franklin House.)
CORNER OF SIXTH AND MAIN STREETS
LOUISVILLE, KY.
W. R. OWEN, Proprietor.

SUGAR HOUSE MOLASSES. in store and for sale by
dec 25 COLLINGS & WELLS.

70 CANS COVE and SPICED OYSTERS. 5 bbls. Apples; 10 boxes Raisins, 200 Oranges; in store and for sale by
dec 25 COLLINGS & WELLS.

FOR SALE:
My House and Lot are for sale. I wish also to sell good horses, several valuable NEGROES.

consisting of Men, Women, Boys and Girls. The sales will be entirely private. Terms easy.
Nov. 27-50th F. R. MUIR.

SAVE YOUR MONEY.
CHAS. P. FREEMAN & CO.
(Late Freeman, Hodges & Co.)
IMPORTERS AND JOBBERS
58 Liberty Street, between Broadway and Nassau, near the Post-Office,
NEW YORK.

HAVE now on hand, and will be receiving daily through the season, New Goods, direct from the European manufacturers, and cost, Auctions, rich fashionable and fancy Silk Millinery Goods. Our stock of Rich Goods comprises every variety of the latest and most beautiful dresses imported.

Many of our goods are manufactured expressly to our order, from our own designs and patterns, and stand unrivalled. We offer our goods for SALE, at lower prices than any credit House in America can afford.

All purchasers will find it greatly to their interest to reserve a portion of their money and make selections from our great variety of rich cheap goods.

Bonnets rich for Bonnets, Caps, Stuffs, and Bonnets. Silks, Satins, Capes, Linens and Tapes. Embroidered Collars, Chemises, Capes, Bertha's, Habits, Shroves, Cuffs, Edgings, and Insertions. Embroidered Reverses, Lace, and Bonnet and Hat Bands.

Ribbons, Illusions, and Embroidered Laces for Caps, Embroidered Laces for Shawls, Mantillas, and Veils.

Hosiery, Kerchiefs, Valenciennes, and Brussels Laces. English and Wore Thread, Sayre's, Little Thread, Cotton Laces, and in the City.

Kid, Little Thread, Silk, Sewing Silk, Glines, and Mins.

French and American Artificial Flowers. French Laces, English, American and Italian. Straw Bonnets and Trimmings.
Jan. 14, 1852-53

SAMUEL CARPENTER & SON,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW,
Bardstown, Ky.

SAM'L CARPENTER has resumed the practice of Law, and will, in partnership with SAM'L CARPENTER, Jr., practice in Nelson and the surrounding counties, and the Court of Appeals. All business entrusted to their care promptly attended to.
Jan. 14, 1852.

T. W. RILEY, F. R. MUIR, J. C. BAILEY,
RILEY, MUIR & BAILEY,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW,
BARDSTOWN, KY.

Will practice Law in the Nelson Circuit and County Court, Office at the same formerly occupied by Riley & Muir. They will give prompt and diligent attention to all business confided to them.
Jan. 14, 1852-53

T. W. RILEY, F. R. MUIR, J. C. BAILEY,
RILEY & MUIR,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW,
LOUISVILLE, KY.

Will practice Law in the various Courts held in Louisville—the Court of Appeals, and in the Circuit Court of Spencer, Nelson, Bullitt, Larue, Hardin and Menard Counties.

Office on Jefferson, between 5th and 6th. Where officers and laymen may be found in give counsel or transact any business confided to them.
Jan. 14, 1852-53

NEW YORK
Life Insurance Company
Accumulated Capital \$100,000.

MORRIS FRANKLIN,

WONDERS OF CENTRAL AMERICA.

From SQUIER'S new work on "Central America," just published by G. P. PUTNAM, New York.

I had heard much in Leon of ancient monuments in the vicinity of Managua, and particularly of the ancient Indian temple cut in the solid rock, on the shore of a small lake, amongst the hills back of the city. I now learned that the lake was called Nihapa, and that upon the rocks which surrounded it were many figures, executed in red paint, concerning the origin of which nothing was known, but which were reported to be very ancient. "Hachendo antes la Conquista," made before the Conquest. The next morning, having meanwhile procured a guide, we started for this lake. The path for a league, lead through a beautiful level country, magnificently wooded, and relieved by open cultivated spaces, which were the huts and huertas of the inhabitants of Managua. Nearly every one of these had a small cane hut, picturesquely situated amidst a group of palms or fruit trees in the centre, reached by broad paths beneath arches of plantains. Here the waters reside when weary of the town. We overtook hundreds of Indian laborers, with a tortilla and a bit of cheese in a little net-work bag thrown over one shoulder, pantaloons tucked up to the thighs, and carrying in the right hand, or resting in the hollow of the left arm, the eternal machete, the constant companion of every mozo, which he uses as an axe to clear the forest, a spade to dig the earth, a knife wherewith to divide his meat, and a weapon in case of an attack. Passing the level country adjacent to the city, we came to the base of the hills which intervene between the lake and the sea. Here, at every step, traces of volcanic action met our view, and the path became rough and crooked, winding amongst disrupted rocks, and over broad beds of lava. The latter extended down the side of the ridge, showing that anciently there existed a crater somewhere above us, now concealed by the eruptions, which however, must have taken place many centuries ago, for the lava was disintegrated at the surface, and afforded a luxuriant foothold for vines, bushes, and trees. For this reason, although we knew that we had attained an elevated position, we found it impossible to see beyond the evergreen arches which bent above us, and the rays of the sun failed to penetrate. The ascent was steep, and our progress slow—so slow that a troop of indignant monkeys, swinging from branch to branch, grinning, and threatening vehemently, was able to keep pace with us. We fired our pistols at them, and worked up their feelings to a pitch of excitement and rage, humiliatedly like the ebullitions of humanity. These amusing denizens of the forest, if we frequently observed, seem annoyed by the presence of white men, and will fret and chatter at their approach, while the brown natives of the country may pass and repass, if not without attracting their notice, at least without provoking their anger.

At the distance of about two leagues and a half from Managua, we reached what appeared to be a broad, broken table land, the summit of the division range intervening between the lake and ocean. We had not proceeded far, before we discovered a high conical peak, made up of scorific and ashes, and bare of trees, which had evidently been formed by the matter thrown out from some neighboring volcanic vent. Here our guide turned aside at right angles to our path, and clearing the way with his machete, in a few minutes led us to the edge of the ancient crater. It was an immense orifice, fully half a mile across, with precipitous walls of black and riven rocks; at the bottom, motionless and yellow, like a plate of burnished brass, was the lake Nihapa. The wall of the crater, upon the side where we stood, was higher than at any other point, and the brain almost reeled in looking over the Acheronian gulf below. Upon the other side, the guide assured us there was a path to the water, and there too were the rock temple, and "los piedras pintadas." So we fell back into our path again, and skirting along the base of the cone of scorific to which I have referred, after a brisk ride of twenty minutes, came suddenly, and to our surprise, upon a collection of huts pertaining to a cattle estate. Here burst upon our sight an almost boundless view of mountain, lake, and forest. Behind us towered the cone of scorific, covered with a soft green mantle of grass. Upon one side yawned the extinct crater with its waveless lake; upon the other were ridges of lava, and ragged piles of trachytic rock, like masses of iron; while in front, in the foreground, stood the picturesque cane huts of the vaqueros, clustered round with tall palms and the broad, translucent leaves of the plantain. But beyond all—beyond the mountain slopes and billowy hills, shrouded with never-fading forests, among which, like fleecy clouds of white and crimson reflected in a sea of green, rose the tops of flowering trees—beyond these flashing back the light of the morning sun from its bosom, spread out the Lake of Managua, with its fairy islets and distant, dreamy shores!

We left our horses at the huts, and followed a broad, well-beaten path which led to the point where the walls of the extinct crater are lowest. Here we found a narrow path between the rocks, barely wide enough to admit a horse to pass. It had in part been formed by art, probably before the Conquest, when, according to the early chroniclers, even these hills were thronged by a happy and industrious people. The descent for a few hundred feet was very steep, between high walls; it then turned short, and ran along the face of the cliff, where fallen masses of rock afforded a foothold, and clinging trees curtains and perilous steep, which would otherwise have dizzied the head of the adventurous traveler. Near the bottom the path widened, at the water's

edge we reached a kind of platform, edged with stones, where the cattle from the hacienda came down to drink, and whence the vaqueros of the huts obtained water for their own use. Here a few trees found root, affording a welcome shelter from the rays of the sun; for the breezes which fan the hill-sides never reach the surface of this almost buried lake.

The walls of the ancient crater were everywhere precipitous, and at the lowest point probably not less than five hundred feet in height. Except at the precise spot where we stood, the lake washed the cliffs, which went down, sheer down into the unknown depths. We looked up, and the clouds as they swept over seemed to touch the trees which fringed the lofty edges of the precipice, over which the vines hung in festoons.

Upon the vertical face of the cliff were painted, in bright red, a great variety of figures. These were the "piedras pintadas" of which we had heard. Unfortunately, however, long exposure had obliterated nearly all of the paintings; but most conspicuous amongst those still retaining their outlines perfect, or nearly so, was one which, to me, had peculiar interest and significance. Upon the most prominent part of the cliff, some forty feet above our heads, was a plumed, or feathered serpent, called by the Indians "el Sol," the Sun; amongst the semi-civilized nations of America, from Mexico southward, as also amongst many nations of the Old World, the symbol, beneath which was concealed the profoundest significance. Under many of its aspects it coincided with the sun, or was the symbol of the Supreme Divinity of the heathens, of which the sun was one of the most obvious emblems. In the instance of the painting before us, the plumed, sacred serpent of the aborigines was artfully depicted so as to combine both symbols in one. The figure was about three feet in diameter. Above it, and amongst some confused lines of partially obliterated paintings, was the figure of a human hand—the red hand which haunted Mr. Stephens during all his explorations amongst the monuments of Yucatan—where it was the symbol of the divinity of Kukul, the Author of Life, and God of the Working Hand.

Upon some rocks a little to the right of the cliff, upon which is this representation of the serpent, there were formerly large paintings of the sun and moon together, as our guide said, "con muchos gerofalicos," with many hieroglyphics. But the section upon which they were painted was thrown down during the great earthquake of 1838. Parts of the figure can yet be traced upon some of the fallen fragments. Besides these figures, there were traces of hundreds of others, which, however, could not be satisfactorily made out. Some, we could discover, had been of regular outline, and, from their relative positions, I came to the conclusion that a certain degree of dependence had existed between them. One in particular, attracted my attention, not less from its regularity than from the likeness which it sustains to certain figures in the painted historical and ritual Manuscripts of Mexico.

Upon various detached rocks, lying next to the water, beneath trailing vines, or but half concealed above fallen debris and vegetable accumulations, we discovered numerous other outline figures, some exceedingly rude, representing men and animals, together with many impressions of the human hand. By carefully poising myself on the very edge of the narrow shelf or shore, I could discover, beyond an advanced column of rock, the entrance to the so-called rock temple of the ancient Indians. I saw at once that it was nothing more than a natural niche in the cliff; but yet to settle the matter conclusively, I stripped, and, not without some repugnance, swam out in the sulphurous lake, and around the intervening rocks to the front of the opening. It was, as I had supposed, a natural niche, about thirty feet high, and ten or fifteen feet deep; and, seen from the opposite cliff, no doubt appeared to the superstitious Indians like the portal of a temple. The paintings of which they had spoken were only discolorations produced by the fires which had once flamed up from the abyss where now slumbered the opposing element. Our guide told us that there were many other paintings on the cliffs, which could only be reached by means of a raft or canoe. The next day M. returned with a canoe from Managua; it was got down with great difficulty, but he discovered nothing new or interesting.

We were told that there were alignments in this lake, but we saw none, and still remain sceptical upon that point, notwithstanding the positive assertions of the vaqueros. That it assumed the form of a fish, however, we could not fail to discover, for they swarmed along the edge of the water, and at the foot of the cliffs. This lake was, no doubt, anciently held in high veneration by the Indians; it is still regarded with a degree of superstitious fear by their descendants. Our guide told us of evil demons who dwelt within its depths, and who vengeance dragged down the swimmers who ventured upon its gloomy waters. It was easy to imagine that here the aboriginal deities had made sacrifices to their mountain gods, the divinities who presided over the internal fires of the earth, or ruled the waters. This half-buried lake, with no perceptible opening, situated amidst once melted rocks, on the summit of a mountain, with all of its accessories of dread and mystery, was well calculated to rouse the superstitious fears and secure the awe of a people distinguished above all others for a gloomy fancy, which invested nearly all of its creations, whose most acceptable sacrifices were palpitating hearts, torn from the breasts of human victims.

It was past noon before we had finished our investigations at the lake, and we returned to the huts of the vaqueros weary, hot and hungry. The women swung hammocks for us in the shade, and we laid down in luxurious enjoyment of the magnificent view,

while they ground the parched corn for the always welcome cup of *fista*. And although, when we came to leave, they charged us full ten times as much for it as they would have asked their own countrymen, yet they had displayed so much alacrity in attending to our wants that we sealed the payment with as hearty a "mil gracias," as if it had been a free offering.

Our guide took us back by a new path, in order to show us what he called the Salt Lake. It was not an extinct crater, like that of Nihapa, but one of those singular, funnel-shaped depressions, so frequent in volcanic countries, and which seemed to have been caused by the sinking of the earth. It was a gloomy-looking place, with a greenish yellow pool at the bottom, the water of which, our guide said, was salt and bitter. The sides were steep, and covered with tangled vines and bushes, and we did not attempt to descend.

There are other lakes, with musical Indian names in the vicinity of Managua, which closely resemble that of Nihapa, and owe their origin to similar causes. One of these occurs within a mile of the town, and is a favorite resort of the "lavadoras," or wash-women. It is reached by numerous paths, some broad and bordered with cactus hedges, and others winding through green coveris, where the stranger often comes suddenly upon the startled Indian girl, whose unshod feet have worn the hard earth smooth, and whose hands have trained the vines into festooned arches above his head. There is but one descent to this lake; which, in the course of ages, has been made broad and comparatively easy. The shore is lined with large trees of magnificent foliage, beneath the shadows of which the "lavadoras" carry on their never-ending operations. The water is cool and limpid; and the lake itself resembles some immense fountain, where bright streams might have their birth rather than a fathomless, volcanic lake. So well has nature concealed beneath a robe of trees, vines, and flowers, the evidences of ancient convulsions, rocks riven by earthquakes, or melted by fires from the incandescent depths of the earth.

SHOWING THE "RANG-TANG."

BY JACK HUMPHRIES.

Some of these days, when Phineas, vulgarly called Peter, Barum, retires from business, upon a small competency of ten or twelve million *E. Pluribus Unum*; and his great "sells," his Feejee mermals, wooly horses, ancient Ethiopian nurses of General Washington, singing Jenny, Bridgeport banks and Fire-Annihilators, are sort of dim the public of this "nation of bores."

"Builders of Warehouses and conventicles," may hear of another great showman, now in the germ, yept one Mr. Sears.

Sears has too much genius and talent, as a showman ever to go down the tide of time unheralded and unsung, as any one that ever heard Sears talk to the crowd, at the gap of his tent—inside of which were ranged wax fellows, ensanguined villains, sacrilegious pirates, and hideous hyness, and unchained tigers, stuffed with straw—can fail to conclude. The last time we saw Sears (previous to meeting him in Boston, last week) he had his "side show" with Dr. Spalding's Apolloni-on Circus company, at Lynn; he had gotten about as many of the mob into his tent as it would hold conveniently, and was then leading the orchestra—consisting of a base drum and bagpipes, himself playing a fiddle, while he smoked a long pipe on the top of one of his carts, hollared at the boys outside, and described the wax figures and stuffed animals within; and beat time with one foot, while with the other he kicked a fellow out of the show, for swearing in the presence of the ladies!

So much versatile talent, in a solid body, made an impression upon us, to use the words of dinner table and stage orators, "time itself it can never efface." But to our story.

During the jubilee week, in Boston the town was beset with showmen. Every thing, from Parodi and her hairy troupe, down to the Ethiopian minstrels fat boys, giants, spiritual rappers, wire dancers, jugglers, Shaksperian readers and—Sears, with a pair of Orang Outangs!

The Montgomery House, formerly the old museum, (upon which the owner spent enough to build four first rate hotels, and in spite of all—the house was a gaudy failure,) was deserted and shut up, until the Boston Jubilee so crowded our city as to make speculations in cockloft and airy lodgings, a matter of most engaging interest; and then the Montgomery was opened for a lodging house. Sears, with an eye to business, and not caring a tinker's flip for expense, takes an entire back parlor for himself and family, and a better showman, and the two Orang Outangs! The hotel reater rather kicked against Sears bringing in a show, especially a pair of d-d rang-rang-tangs, as he called them; but Sears had not only seen the elephant, but owned several—stuffed ones, and knowing "white man to be berry onartin!" paid his rent in advance and took a receipt, hence, he had the pseudo lodging house keeper—right.

Sears hung out his banner on the outward walls, and opened his show. Patrons—nineteen a head flocked in, and came out, saying they—the animals—were wonderful! To which Professor Sears never failed to exclaim—

"Aint they, tho? Rale Rang-a-tangs from the Tongo Island; walk in, gentlemen, look at 'em—leave for the south to-morrow; your last chance, gentleman only a nippence, sir; cross sed fo'pences only pass for five cents—thank you sir, walk in. Stand back, boys, you can't see anything thro' the cracks here. Now's your time, gentlemen; rale Rang-a-tangs, genuine articles—no straw or Spanish moss about these wonderful animals—eat with a knife and fork, and drink out of cups and saucers, natural as niggers—this way, sir—all right—there's a chance—walk up, talk up, gentlemen; see humanity

in its first form as the Bible says—Solomon, I believe it was spoke of it—don't remember the chapter—page you can find yourself."

And they did walk up, lively, for Sears soon had the parlor full of the curious public—in fact the Montgomery for once, at least, was full all over! Now, in Boston, or very near it, lives and goes along, one "Buff Cooley," a modern Yorrick of no mean pretensions, not only a practical Joe Miller—dancing and music for the million—but one of "the fancy," that would win applause from a Professor of the mauly art (Bowerly parlance) of painting black eyes and tapping claret. "Buff," however, is a gentlemanly sort of a fellow. He came along just in season to see Sears up to his eyes in business, and while standing with his back in the doorway of an opposite parlor, the hall being jammed by the shuffling crowd—one of the oft-described Jackies, who are supposed to be ever "turning up" in and about Yankee land, came up to Buff, with his hands in his pockets, and says, in a very mysterious tone—

"Are they in there?"

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Jaundice, Dyspepsia, Chronic or Nervous Debility, Diseases of the Kidneys, and all diseases arising from a disordered Liver or Stomach, such as Constipation, Indigestion, Flatulency, or Blood to the Head, Acidity of the Stomach, Nausea, Heart burn, Disgust for Food, Fullness, or weight in the Stomach, Sour Eructations, Sinking or Fluttering at the pit of the Stomach, Swimming at the Head, Headed and Dim-sightedness, Choking or Suffocating sensations when in a lying posture, Dimness of Vision, Dots or webs before the Sight.

Fever and dull pain in the Head, Deficiency or Peripetation, Yellowness of the Skin and Eyes, Pain in the Side, Back, Chest, Limbs, &c., Sudden Flushes of Heat, Burning in the Face, Constant Imaginations of Evil and great Depression of Spirits, can be effectually cured by

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These Bitters are worthy the attention of invalids. Possessing great virtues in the rectification of diseases of the Liver and lesser glands, exercising the most searching powers in the removal of all morbid humors, and in many cases, they are withal, safe, certain and pleasant. Read and be convinced.

From the Boston Bee.

The Editor said, Dec. 22: Dr. Hoodland's celebrated German Bitters for the cure of Liver Complaint, Jaundice, Dyspepsia, Chronic or Nervous Debility, is deservedly one of the most popular Medicines of the day. These Bitters have been used by thousands, and a friend at our elbow says he has himself received effectual and permanent cure of Liver Complaint from the use of this remedy. We are convinced that in the use of these Bitters, the patient constantly gains strength and vigor—a fact worthy of great consideration. They are pleasant in taste and smell, and can be used by persons of the most delicate stomachs with safety, under any circumstances. We are speaking from experience, and to the afflicted we advise their use.

"Scott's weekly," one of the best Literary papers published, says, August 23:—Dr. Hoodland's German Bitters, manufactured by Dr. Jackson, are now recommended by some of the most prominent members of the faculty as an article of much efficacy in cases of female debility. As such is the case, we would advise all mothers to obtain a bottle, and thus save themselves much sickness. Persons of debilitated constitutions will find these Bitters advantageous to their health; as we know from experience the salutary effect they have upon weakly systems.

MORE EVIDENCE. The Philadelphia Saturday Gazette, the best family newspaper published in the United States. The editor says of Dr. Hoodland's German Bitters:—

"It is seldom that we recommend what are termed Patent Medicines, to the confidence and patronage of our readers, and therefore when we recommend Dr. Hoodland's German Bitters we wish it to be distinctly understood that we are not speaking of the nostrums of the day, but of a medicine which has been tried and found to be a reliable remedy, and which has met the hearty approval of the faculty itself."

Evidence upon evidence has been received (like the foregoing) from all sections of the Union, the last three years, and the strongest testimony in its favor, is the fact that it is used in the practice of the regular Physicians of Philadelphia, than all other nostrums combined, a fact that can easily be established, and fully proving that a scientific preparation will meet with their quiet approval when presented, even in this form.

That this medicine will cure Liver Complaint and Dyspepsia, no one can doubt after using it as directed. It acts specifically upon the stomach and liver; it is perfectly safe, and it is used in the practice of the regular Physicians of Philadelphia, than all other nostrums combined, a fact that can easily be established, and fully proving that a scientific preparation will meet with their quiet approval when presented, even in this form.

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Lookwell to the marks of the genuine. They have the written signature of C. M. JACKSON upon the wrapper, and his name blown in the bottle, without which they are spurious.

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PRICES REDUCED. To enable all classes of invalids to enjoy the advantages of their great restorative powers.

SINGLE BOTTLE 75 CENTS. Also for sale by Dr. D. H. COON, Druggist, Barabtown, Ky.

Wholesale agent for Kentucky and Tennessee, SUTCLIFFE McALLISTER & Co., Louisville Ky.

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SAM'L. CARPENTER Jr., Agent. Medical Examiner. J. T. McELVANY, M.D., R. S. SROTHER, M.D. Dec 11, 185